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## Love Me.

MORRISON A. CONWAY, '14.

LOVE me—I care not how the dawn may break  
Nor if the morning usher shower or shine;  
Let me but know the gladness of your smile,  
And feel that you are mine.

Love me—I care not how the noon may blaze,  
I shall not mind the burden and the heat;  
But, like a weary child, will lay me down  
In silence at your feet.

Love me—I care not how the day may close,  
When the red harvester of eve shall reap;  
Folded to slumber by your starry song,  
Sweet, sweet shall be my sleep.

## Molière.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.



IX years after the death of Shakespeare, the greatest genius of English literature, Molière, the greatest genius of French letters, was born. He was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, as the saying goes, for his father was chamberlain to King Louis XIII.

Molière's education was thorough. He first studied under the Jesuits, then under the private tutelage of Gassendi, a well-known writer of the time, and lastly in the law school of Orleans.

Molière's grandfather was a lover of the drama and was a great theatre-goer. He used to take his grandson along with him on many occasions. As the boy grew to be a young man, he fell in with evil companions and lived in dissipation. His father noticed this, and, of course, blamed the theatres and the grand-

father. While Molière was present one day, his father asked the boy's grandfather if the youth was to be made into an actor. "Would to God," the grandfather replied, "he were as good an actor as Montrose!" The words impressed the boy, and he conceived a dislike for the tapestry trade in which his father was engaged. Molière was then sent to Orleans, for his father thought that if he could not induce his boy to follow his own calling, he would have him follow law, in his opinion the next best thing.

But the law was as much out of line with Molière's taste as were tapestries. So at the age of twenty-one he banded himself and some kindred spirits together and formed the "Illustre Théâtre." In this venture the company was not altogether successful, for the official court books show that Molière was arrested and imprisoned for a debt for candles used to light the theatre. But he refused to be discouraged; on his release he renewed his struggles toward the cherished goal, and, after a number of years, attained a higher success than he ever dreamed of possessing. This success was not realized, however, until Molière turned from tragedy, which at first he considered as the field of all his endeavors, to follow his natural bent for comedy.

Molière's first play was a tragedy which he wrote while still in school at Bordeaux. He appeared in the leading rôle himself, but play and player alike were refused the crown of popular applause. It was such a failure, in truth, that the youthful playwright left Bordeaux in shame. His second attempt was also a tragedy that was penned along the lines of the first play, and, like his first effort, perished.

Then in 1653, Molière tried his hand at comedy and wrote *L'Etouid*. It proved to the poet that in comedy lay his strength, and thereafter the comic muse received his undivided fealty. This first of his comedies

was produced successfully many years in the provinces, and was then taken to Paris where it was received even more enthusiastically than in the provincial cities.

King Louis was so well pleased with his chamberlain's son that he appointed Molière to fill the position his father had held before him. From that time forth his fortune was assured.

Of this period of Molière's life the following incident is told: Actors were looked down on by most people in that day, and when Molière was appointed chamberlain he was avoided by the other members of the court. The king soon noticed this bit of snobbishness, and resolved to end it. Accordingly one morning when Molière was making the king's bed—for that was the chamberlain's duty—the king asked the poet to sit down and take breakfast with him. Molière accepted the invitation, and the pair were discovered eating and chatting when the courtiers were admitted. When they saw that Molière was so high in Louis' favor, they straightway put away their disdain for the poor actor, cultivated his friendship, invited him to dine, and entertained for the future, we hope, a more human attitude toward those that followed the stage.

When Molière first began to write comedies, he used the old Grecian and Roman dramatists as his models, but after the success of *Precieuse Ridicules* he is said to have exclaimed: "I no longer need to study Plautus and Terence; and the fragments of Menander; I have only to study mankind."

The purpose of all his comedies was to ridicule the social vices prevalent during his age. In *Precieuse Ridicules* he attacked the unnatural super-refinement in the language and manners of the French. It was directed against provincial society: or at least the characters represented were provincials; but his attack was really aimed at the society of the capital. Molière well knew that he could not put up types of Parisian for Parisians to laugh at, so he made his point by ridiculing the ultra-refinement of the provincials, while the fault was to higher degrees in the city than anywhere else in the kingdom. But even with Molière's clever ruse to veil his satire, the play provoked opposition because it struck home and hurt. The *Ecole des Femmes* satirized the fooleries of the women and brought forth more lively opposition than its predecessor. And *Farluffe*, an attack on hypocrisy, was objected to so

strongly that its production was delayed from 1764 to 1769.

None of Molière's comedies were produced without opposition, for each new comedy ridiculed some folly and uncovered the fools. Nothing was safe from his scathing satire; nothing was too sacred, nothing too low. He ridiculed the charlatanism of quacks, the chicanery of sophistic lawyers, the devout hypocrisy of the clergy, the frivolities of the nobility, the obtrusive vulgarity and upstart airs of the middle class. The really learned he criticised for their pedantry; the would-be poet for his hollow bombast; old women for their affectation of youth; young women for reasons innumerable.

In thought, Molière is unusually free. The tendency to throw off restraint is due to the influence of his master, Gassendi, whose teachings were of a materialistic trend. In places, Molière's comedies descend to the irreverent—sometimes even to the indecent—while again they rise to almost tragic sublimity. His philosophy was worldly, yet it was full of common sense. With him virtue was not idealized; it was portrayed together with the human failings that always accompany it.

Regarding Molière's merits as a poet, there is some controversy. Matthew Arnold places Molière first among French poets. By Arnold he is ranked along with Dante, Milton, and Goethe as the second-rate poets of modern literature; or better still, as first-rate poets, if we place Shakespeare in a class by himself. Mr. Saintsbury, who is, perhaps, the most competent living critic, takes the other extreme, and maintains that Molière is no poet at all. For his reasons Professor Saintsbury gives the fact that Molière is not lyrical, he does not idealize, and he lacks imagination. All three of these allegations are true. His lines would never do for songs; he never combines the best in one real character with the best in another to form a beautiful, imaginary third; he sees no "sermons in stone" nor "books in running brooks," but he sets down people and objects just as he sees them. But whether he was a poet or not depends on the conception of poetry that we accept. If you define poetry as "a higher criticism of life," Arnold is right; Molière is a poet. If you define poetry as "the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions," then Saintsbury is right; Molière is not a poet.

Whether he was a poet or not is for the individual to determine according to his own ideals, but this much must be accorded the great dramatist—he is the greatest wit of all literature. This wit accompanied him at all times and was ever serviceable. Unlike Goldsmith's humor, which deserted him the moment his pen was out of his hand, Molière's wit was ever present. To illustrate: One evening he gave a supper to his literary friends at his summer chateau. The whole galaxy of literary stars were there—Condè, Bellocq, Boileau, and Molière's own schoolmate, Chapelle. All were there except Racine, who had had some difficulty with Molière. On the particular night of the feast, Molière was indisposed; his digestion was bad; he could not be congenial, so he excused himself and went to sleep. His friend and schoolmate was left to entertain the visitors. Chapelle was of a carousing disposition and was lavish with Molière's wine. Soon the whole company were "alcoholically indisposed," to put it mildly. Then Chapelle arose and discoursed on the vanity and emptiness of life. His ranting soon drifted into the futility of living, and then he proposed that they all should end the suspense of life by destroying themselves that night. The hearers had been worked into a receptive mood, so they started for the river. One of the men, however, had a little sense left, and he ran up to wake Molière. Molière heard of the crazy determination and ran to overtake his friends. When they saw him coming they greeted him with cheers, for they thought he had come to join them. When asked to go along, Molière readily consented, but immediately asked if it would not be a pity to perform such a noble deed hidden from the light of day. To be sure it would be a pity, they all agreed, and back to the house they went to await day. Needless to say, with the coming of day came the return of common sense, and the "noble deed" was never accomplished.

But even though Molière's humor is so perfectly comical, or so ludicrous if you will, that France has not yet ceased to laugh at it, and even though his wit was always on his tongue-tip, he was serious in private life almost to the point of melancholy.

In 1662, at the age of forty, he married Armande Bejart who had been his heroine in his plays performed in the provinces. Armande

was of a frivolous sort, and his life with her was never happy.

His one consolation was his friends, among whom were the most noted literary men of his day—Condè, Bellocq, Racine, and Boileau. Besides all these there was Louis XIV. It is one of the creditable things that can be said of Louis that he knew how to discern merit, and appreciate it when discovered.

Molière died in 1673 at the age of fifty-one. He was troubled by an affection in the chest, but he insisted on playing his newest comedy. His rôle was that of an imaginary invalid. He excited uproarious laughter by his hacking cough that was all too real. During the fourth production, he fell down in a fit of coughing and was unable to rise. An internal hemorrhage developed, so severe as to be almost immediately fatal. Thus he died without the comforts of the Church, and without time to renounce acting as a profession, which had to be done to secure Christian burial.

On his death the people rejoiced because they did not like his acrid satire, although they could not but laugh at his witticisms. The Archbishop of Paris refused him burial in consecrated ground until the king interested himself in his friend's behalf. It is told that when the archbishop refused the king, the king asked, "How far down does the consecrated ground go?" The bishop was taken unawares, and bethinking himself that corpses were buried six feet, replied: "About eight feet." "Well," said the king, "dig a grave twelve feet deep and bury him there."

As a last word, we must say in justice to the man, that he was great—the greatest wit the world has known. He was an instructor, for he showed the French their follies, and thereby remedied some of them.

### The Unlucky Bundle.

JAMES MATTHEWS, '15.

It was a cold wintry morning as Mr. Henry Jones struggled through the snowdrifts, giving voice at every step to his opinion of the weather, which, to say the least, was far from flattering. Ordinarily Mr. Jones was a remarkably good-natured man, but on this particular morning, his temper was that of a Central Park bear that had not had his weekly mutton chop.

It was not alone the cold and snow which rendered Mr. Jones so irritable. To add to his discomfort, his wife had burdened him with a bundle of clothes to deliver to a charitable institution. The bundle was large and unwieldy and not easily managed. Accordingly Mr. Jones called down maledictions on the unlucky chance that had reminded his wife of her promise to donate some old garments to sweet charity.

As he turned the corner to reach the street-car line, he noticed that one of his shoe strings was untied. He put down his bundle and stopped to tie the string. As he did so, an inspiration flashed in his mind. "Why pick the darned thing up at all? I'll just leave it here and be done with it." He rose up quickly and hurried off, chuckling to himself. He had reached the street-car line and was just about to board a car, when some one tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Beg pardon, Jones, but I guess you must have forgotten your package while you were tying your shoe in front of my house." Mr. Jones turned and beheld his neighbor, Mr. Jackson, holding out the bundle to him. With an angry grunt he seized the package from the surprised Jackson and stepped on the car. It was an early car and, therefore, bound to be crowded. On account of the bundle Mr. Jones was forced to remain on the freezing platform, a circumstance that contributed little toward the mollification of his temper.

As the car neared the corner where he was accustomed to alight, Mr. Jones decided that he would make another attempt to lose his troublesome burden. Therefore, he got off the car, leaving the bundle on the platform. This piece of forgetfulness was observed by the conductor, however, who picked up the package and threw it after his retreating passenger. His aim was accurate,—in fact too accurate for that gentleman's comfort, for the heavy bundle alighted squarely on the Jones hat, smashing down on the Jones head, and causing a new disturbance in the Jones temper. However, that gentleman picked up the despised bundle and carried it to his office, grumbling at every step.

As soon as he reached the office he called for a messenger boy to take the bundle to its destination. But, alas! his wrath had so absorbed his thoughts that he no longer remembered the name of the particular place his wife had directed him to send it to.

"I suppose it's the Old Ladies' Home, though," he said to himself. "That's where she generally unloads this rubbish. Anyhow, I guess they can use it and I don't want it any longer."

Accordingly he sent it to the Old Ladies' Home and sank back in his chair satisfied that his troubles were over as far as charity homes and old clothes were concerned.

Half an hour later the messenger boy re-entered the office with the bundle under his arm. "Say, boss," he exclaimed, "the matron over at the Old Ladies' Home wants to know if you think the old women over there wear men's pants. There's nothing but men's clothes in the bundle. Jones gasped in despair. Evidently he had made a mistake in sending the clothes to the Old Ladies' Home. Well, they must be gotten rid of somehow. A bright thought again came to the rescue. "Say, boy," he said, "take these clothes home with you. Perhaps you can use them." "Sure I can, boss," said the messenger. "They'll come in mighty handy for me." So the boy went away with the bundle and left Jones a happy and more contented man than he had been for many days.

About noon the telephone in Mr. Jones' office rang, and when the call was answered Mrs. Jones was on the other end of the wire. "Oh, Henry," she cried, "I've done a terrible thing. When I made up that bundle of old clothes I put it in the closet beside a bundle of your best clothes which you were going to send to the tailor to be pressed. I made a mistake this morning and gave you the bundle of good clothes. Oh dear, and your dress suit was in it, too, and your other new suit. I'm—" but Mr. Jones waited to hear no more. Summoning his entire office force he sent them in search of the messenger boy.

Half an hour later a bright young clerk entered the messenger agency and laid hands on the boy. Jones questioned him anxiously as to what he had done with the clothes.

"Gee, boss, but I had tough luck wit dem clothes," said the lad. "I was goin' across de bridge and Jimmy, me pal, shoves me up again' de railin' and flop!—over slips de clothes into de river. Dey sunk like a stone. Must ha' been somethin' heavy in dem. Gee, I'm sorry to lose dem swell rags."

And Mr. Jones had visions of his best clothes sinking to the bottom of the muddy river.

## Varsity Verse.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS OF A  
CARROLL HALLER.

I'll take my recreation every day,  
I'll never miss a meal unless I'm sick,  
When class begins I'll keep on with my play  
Unless the teacher pulls a strap or stick.

I'll skive the drill as often as I can,  
I'll seldom go to lectures in the hall.  
If I get whipped, to show that I'm a man  
I'll never go to anything at all.

I don't see any use in wasting time  
On hist'ry, mathematics and the like,  
I can't see how it's counted as a crime  
To spend my study hour upon a bike.

Each teacher wishes my New Year may be  
Both bright and happy,—sunshine and no rain;  
Then why should they start in to wallop me,  
Or hang me on that dinky list again?

## THE REASON.

I met a little boy one day  
His face was black and blue,  
And on his hands were bruises deep  
That showed what he'd been through.

I looked upon the little chap—  
Whose eyes were sparkling bright,  
And asked if he'd been in a wreck  
Or simply had a fight.

He raised his boyish face to me  
And said with half a boast,  
"I'm the first minim ever sent  
To school by parcel post."

## CASTLES OF SAND.

I built a castle of sand one day  
Down by the sounding deep.  
It rose majestic, strong, and firm  
With tower and moat and keep.

The restless waves beat hard the shore  
With loud and angry din,  
They stormed the postern, scaled the wall  
And rushed triumphant in.

The wall fell splashing in the moat,  
The waves rushed wildly on;  
Each one came stronger than the last,  
My castle soon was gone.

And many a child now older grown,  
Builds castles of sand each day;  
The tide of life comes rushing in  
And washes all away.

PAUL R. BYRNE, '13.

## Dramatic Unities.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, '14.

Dramatic unity as defined by Price is the absolute and essential relations of all parts to the whole. This is dramatic unity as understood and regarded by the dramatists of today. It is simply the first requirement of any work of art. But if we go back and study the history of the drama we will find that dramatic unity has a technical meaning and in this sense it has had a very important influence on the development of the drama. So important were dramatic unities considered that they gave rise to a set of strict rules which fettered the dramatists for over two centuries.

To find these unities at their highest point of development we must look to the French drama. According to French critics, the unities are three—Unity of Time, Unity of Place, and Unity of Action. Boileau gave a clear explanation of them when he said: "There must be one action in one day and in one place." He laid this down as a law to be strictly observed. "A drama must deal with only a single story; and this obligation is the Unity of Action. It must never change the scene, massing its episodes in a single locality; and this is Unity of Place. And it must compress its successive situations into the space of twenty-four hours, into a single day; and this is the Unity of Time. These are the unities as Boileau understood them," says Brander Matthews.

Nearly all of the French dramatists attempted to observe these rules and they sincerely believed them to be the first requirement of dramatic art. The dramatists of other nations, however, did not follow them very closely.

To discover the origin of dramatic unities we must go back to the drama of the Greeks. Here we find all three of them—time, place and action—but we also discover that they were not imposed by rules. Only Unity of Action was regarded as binding by the Greeks. This was absolutely necessary then even as it is now. The unities of Time and Place, however, were imposed by the conditions of their stage and the crude state of the drama. There was continuous action as the curtain and the shifting scenery had not as yet been brought to the actor's aid. Furthermore, they could not trust the audience to retain the former parts

of the story in mind during an intermission, and they believed an interruption would cause distraction and a loss of interest. Thus there was only one scene and, as it could represent only one place, the Unity of Place was unconsciously observed. There being no way to represent lapses of time, the action necessarily could represent only the time required to give the play. But we have a few Greek plays wherein the artist has managed to represent extended time by having the chorus or leader make explanations; as, for example, in *Agamemnon* we have action which extends over a long lapse of time. Such plays, however, are rare. Thus we see that the dramatic unities had their origin in the external influences which affected the Greek drama.

The question now arises, how did these three unities develop into the rigid requirements which we find imposed on later dramatists? The explanation lies in the fact that the Greek being the original and most highly developed drama, it was taken as a model by the French. They had great faith in the wisdom of the Greeks and endeavored to follow every detail. Brander Matthews states the source of the laws of unity as follows: "The Unity of Action was proclaimed by Aristotle; the Unity of Time was elaborated into a rule from one of Aristotle's casual statements of fact; and the Unity of Place was deduced from the Unity of Time."

Unity of Action, then, is the only unity established by the Greeks. Aristotle said, "A tragedy should have a single subject, whole and complete in itself, with a beginning, a middle, and an end." As the drama, by necessity was confined to Unity of Time, Aristotle observes that, "it endeavors so far as possible, to confine itself to a single revolution of the sun, or but slightly to exceed this limit." Here Aristotle is only stating a condition which he discovered, but the French critics took the observation as a law. So we see that these rules were not arbitrarily imposed on the Greek drama, and the French were mistaken in supposing them to be necessary.

Brander Matthews suggests that "the willingness of the French to accept them was probably due to the fact that the French were inheritors of Latin tradition, that they liked to do things decently and orderly. They were an artistic people and to such people there is a keen joy in working under bonds and grap-

pling with self-imposed obligations." This very plausible suggestion makes it clear how they might have been easily misled into taking the Greek observances as laws.

Summing up what we have said concerning the development of the unities we see that the "dramatic unity rules" of the French arose from their attempt to model their dramas after the Greek, and to follow every minute detail.

From what has been said it may be inferred that these rules were not altogether beneficial to the French drama. And such was the case. It has been remarked that "they were sad restrictions." Their effect is well stated by Price. "The limitations press into the drama such barren action that a purely artificial collocation of speech, melodious, varied, and beautiful in elocution must help it out... One necessity of the rule leads to another necessity; the subjects were confined to ancient history, and these great geniuses of the French drama were mute about their own times; as if there were nothing in any life except that of the dead of other peoples and other days... Life teems with drama and under these old rules it could not be touched. Probabilities were sacrificed, absurdities introduced and nature was twisted in its narrow confines." We can readily see that the effect must have been deteriorating. The rules were out of date. They failed to recognize the fact that conditions had changed, that the imagination of man had been trained to bridge over lapses of time and follow changes of scene. They forbade the drama to be what it should have been at that time. The effect then was to prevent all possibilities.

Dramatic unities are chiefly concerned with the French and Italian drama but their relation to the English drama is interesting to note. Ben Jonson was the only English playwright to accept these rules, but even he gave them a liberal interpretation. Unity of Place was construed as being one locality and the scene in that locality might be shifted, as for example, from one house to another, or from one part of a town to another. Shakespeare refused to regard the rules of dramatic unity. The English drama had developed rapidly, being free from all restraints; and Shakespeare and other playwrights were unwilling to sacrifice their freedom when French rules of dramatic unity were having their influence. As a result the English drama pro-



gressed rapidly while that of France and Italy retrograded. The English were more practical and saw what the drama should be.

There would undoubtedly have been a great loss to the literary world had Shakespeare submitted to the rules of unity. Brander Matthews takes two instances to point out how the rules would have affected Shakespeare:

"If Shakespeare had chosen to preserve the unity of time he would have been compelled to suppress all the earlier episodes of 'Julius Caesar' which are so significant and which revive in our memories when we are witnesses of the later quarrel of Brutus and Cassius; and he would have had to present Macbeth only in the final stage of his moral delinquency without showing us the manly soldier before the virus of mean ambition had poisoned his nobler nature."

We see how little Shakespeare regarded the unity of place when he shifts the scene from town to town as in Othello (from Venice to a seaport in Cyprus) or from country to country as in "Antony and Cleopatra, (Egypt to Rome). Nearly all of his plays cover extended periods of time. He has even disregarded the rule of unity of action, which as said before has always been essential. He sometimes works in a by-plot or develops two plots simultaneously. In one play, however, he preserves the unities and shows himself not to be ignorant of the rules. Matthews believes that Shakespeare wrote "The Tempest" with the express purpose of showing his knowledge of the theory of unities. "As we study 'The Tempest' it is as though we could hear its author saying that he could play the game as well as anyone else when he chose, and if he had not played it before it was simply because he did not deem it worth the candle."

Unity of Time and Place have no influence on the modern playwrights. Long lapses of years are bridged over; characters pass from youth to old age in a two hour play; and scenes even shift from continent to continent. There is no necessity for these unities at the present time when we have every conceivable mechanical and artistic effect for aiding the imagination which has already been trained to bridge over time and follow action. Dramatic unities are an absent factor and a knowledge of them is of value only to enable us to better understand the dramas of those who, in times past have chosen to shackle themselves by these rules.

### Duckie and the Pink Pearl.

FRANK BOOS, '15.

*In the high white temples of the gods, floating amid opalescent vapors, which mortals termed "the clouds" there wandered of yore Yoathena, wife of Plutor, god of the misty seashores. And Yoathena, when her lord was busy on his throne of state, was wont to grow restless when the fading rays of Sol purpled the fluted columns of the home of the Mighty Ones. One twilight, knowing naught else at which to amuse herself, she bathed in the sacred fountain of Yus; and mischievously plucked a pearl, round and pink, from the golden edge of the holy well. A little later, when silvery Luna ruled the universe, the Goddess Yoathena reclined on her couch and mused of ages yet to come. And as the Goddess mused, the stolen pearl, round and pink, slipped from her listless fingers and fell. It dropped through the mountains of snowy clouds, and buried itself in the sands of a seashore far beneath. The Goddess smiled as she watched it fall, and leaning forward, whispered a potent blessing after it that made it a magnet for good luck and happy fortune. Its possessor would always be a favorite of the gods. Tides rolled in, and out, and in, for countless generations; and still the pearl, round and pink, remained buried in the yellow sands of a seashore, until—*

"Say, you're a peach, you are!"

It was on the 11:30 p. m. Hill Street car. The long-expected and long-to-be-remembered junior "whirl" was over, and the participants, a particularly tired and sleepy lot, sat or stood in attitudes of the deepest dejection.

The speaker was a tall, cadaverous young man whose sallow, pimply face contrasted strikingly with the fat, jolly countenance of the youth who sat in front of him.

"Whatcha say?" demanded the latter, whose name, by the way, was "Duckie" Straus. His voice, which was naturally thick and stuttering, had, strangely enough, not been rendered more liquid by his frequent applications to the punch-bowl in the reception room.

"I said you're a real nice sort of fellow, you are!"

"W'as matter now?" inquired Duckie, grinning at his companion's sarcasm as he struggled furtively with a limp and starchless collar.

"What's the matter? You ask me? Huh! I've half a notion to take a healthy white-hope swing at that happy map of yours!"

"Thasso? Go 'head 'n swing," answered Duckie. "W'as matter you t'night anyhow? Has lil' Buddie gotta crab on?"

Bud Fisher chewed his under lip savagely in true melodramatic style, and gave a vicious tug at the strap in his hand.

"You pulled a nice stunt on me, you did!" he exclaimed, scowling. "What did you cut that dance of mine for?"

"Dance?" exploded Duckie, his eyebrows elevated innocently.

"Yes, dance! What did you think I said—swim?"

Duckie deliberately removed his derby and scratched his head in a puzzled manner. Bud Fisher snorted and swallowed hard.

"Dance?" ruminated Duckie in his quick, incoherent manner. "O, yes—I 'member. You hadda dance—'steenth—twostep was't not? O yes—waited fer you fi' minutes—didn't come—got tired awaitin'—took it myself—mos' nat'ral thing in the world."

"Eh?" said Bud, leaning over threateningly. "Did I understand you to say that *you* waited five minutes for *me*."

"Uh—huh," responded Duckie urbanely.

"And I didn't show up?"

"Yep! Waited more'n five minutes—lady got restless—hinted little—I took dance—you lost out. Buddie, me boy—gotta be prompt—come late, forfeit dance—be prompt all time—never come late—that's my motto."

"Well, by the sacred skates of Odin!" ejaculated Bud, his face mottled and congested. "Duckie Straus, you're nine different kinds of a liar! You never waited one second!"

"Liar? Me? Tut! tut!" interposed that abused gentleman, grinning.

"You never waited one single solitary second!" iterated Bud Fisher warmly. "You know you didn't. You're a dirty liar and a sneak—and—" but the over-loaded car, after a series of jerks and rattles, stopped at the end of the line and Bud's indignant epithets were interrupted.

Ten minutes later, in their room, the argument was resumed while the two gentlemen disrobed for the night. Now both had worn full dress to the dance that evening, and a full dress suit, it is well known, is just the thing to stimulate a sour-tempered man's passions to the point of malicious violence.

"And to think," opened up Bud after five minutes of mental and physical agony with his collar, "that *you*, Duckie Straus, *my* roommate and best friend for three long years, would be so darned ungrateful and so almighty blamed selfish as to—"

"Aw say—can the sympathy stuff!" said Duckie, heaving a sigh of relief as he wriggled out of an exceedingly moist and wrinkled dress shirt. "Bud, listen 'ere! I'm gonna 'xplain—gotta lot ter say—don't interrupt—'fore you start gassin' 'gain."

"There you go again," cried Bud, giving his shirt an angry jerk which caused tiny pearl buttons to fly all over the room. "Trying—dang this shirt—to crawl out of a dirty trick again! Always—Gosh, there's another finger-nail busted—always lying, and—"

"Allus nothin'," retorted Duckie. "Shut-up, 'n sit down—I gotta pile—straight dope—ter spill ter you. Couldn't do on car too public—ev'body listenin'."

After several unfruitful evolutions in the inky blackness of the room, Bud at last bumped into his bed, and sat down cautiously.

"Bud," began Duckie, as slowly as his runaway tongue would permit, "Bud, sometimes you're 'n awful snob—darn fool—d'ye know it? Don't get sore—keep calm—mean it all fer yer own good—shut up 'n listen!"

Bud said never a word, but a shoe hurled across the floor savagely gave a line on his mood.

"Listen," said Duckie, "I don't like yer manners—'specially ter ladies—d'ye get me? Lack judgment—common sense—ain't gentl'm'n 'nough—head lil' swelled—ver' bad."

Another shoe damaged the plaster on the opposite wall.

"'Member 'bout this time las' year," continued Duckie relentlessly, "yeh met girl in Wyman's. 'Member her—cash girl—young, pretty 'n all that—darned poor—ver' pretty?"

"Yes, I remember her," mumbled Bud after a moment's reflection. "Let me see—ah, Stella Mae was her name; but what in thunder has she got to do with me and the dance I didn't get?"

"Lots!" responded Duckie. "'Member one day you gimme knockdown? Nice girl—ver' poor—hadda work like devil—pretty as pictur', Stella Mae. Nex' day yer mother came—she'n you'n me walked down Mich'gan Street—met Stella Mae—'member?"



"Aw for Pete's sake, Duckie! What in the world has she—"

"Sh-h! Lemme finish! Say, Bud, did *you* take off yer hat when Stella Mae bowed?"

"Now listen here, Duckie Straus," cried Bud, having an awful time with his pajamas in the dark; but Duckie silenced him instantly.

"No, yeh didn't," went on Duckie. "Passed 'er by—never looked ner bowed! Mother along—poor workin' girl—couldn't bow—might create bad impressions—so snubbed Stella Mae flat—no gentl'm'n!"

"Well of all the crazy insane lunatics in this wide world—"

"Waita min'it! Keep still! I met Stella Mae after'ards—she felt bad—darned bad—injured pride—hated you—made *me* sad too, a'most bellered. She said that ever'day of her life she was wishin' two things—to be rich and to get square with you fer the slight you gave her. But she hadn't 'ny chance—hadda work—night 'n day—good looks but no rags—too bad. One night I called—gave 'er my ring—"

"What ring?" interposed Bud.

"W'y, my lucky ring! Don't you 'member? Lil' pearl—pink—old, awful old. Allus lucky whenever I wear it. Don't you 'member?"

"Oh sure! Go on."

"Ring ver' old—my old gent found it—seashore—diggin' clams—w'en 'e was a kid. I allus wore it—on lil' finger—good luck—very lucky. Uh-huh, Stella Mae took it—wore it a week—got lucky too—like myself—gave it back."

"Then she went away, didn't she?" asked Bud in sleepy tones.

"Yep—Stella Mae disappeared—went 'way—nobody knew where."

"All right!" snapped Bud viciously. "Now if you're through raving, please tell me who your girl was and explain why I didn't get that dance with her. She was some peach! All the guys went dippy over her. And I'd been congratulating myself all evening and thanking my lucky stars that I had a dance coming with her,—and when I goes to get it, you had swiped it on me! It was all your fault."

"You're right there Buddy—my fault fer sure," said Duckie taking a chance with the wrath to come by lighting a particularly redolent corncob. "She wanted ter wait—just yearnin' fur you ter come. But don't fool

yourself—you didn't have no dance a-comin'. She had fourteen ice plants ready to unload on you. Goin' to freeze yer stiff—in front of all the swells. Said she hated you—looked it, too, by golly! Didn't tell her I was your roommate. Couldn't see her hand you a stiff arm—coaxed her away to play with me awhile."

Duckie took three deep inhales, then knocked out his pipe and tumbled into bed simultaneously.

"Met 'er—Wash'nton, D. C.—las' summer. She's goin' to seminary—Nat'l Park—swell place. Seems 'er aunt or somebody died—las' fall—left 'er piles of money—ver' well-to-do—uster be poor. Met her by accident. Lucky day—I wore lil' pink pearl—allus lucky!"

"Everyday is 'sure a lucky day for you," retorted Bud, a little enviously. "How could an ugly mut like you get the best-looking jane at the ball if he wasn't lucky?"

This question being of course unanswerable, Duckie closed his eyes and sighed sleepily.

"It's the ring—lil' pink pearl ring—lucky as devil."

"No doubt," said Bud dryly skeptical. "My, but she was some lulu! Huh, she must know me, or she wouldn't hate me. I could swear I've seen her somewheres before."

"She's lucky, too," interrupted Duckie drowsily. "She wore my lucky ring."

"Aw! shut up about that lucky ring, will you?" commanded Bud, closing the hall door and locking it. "Yes, I've seen her somewheres before. Brown eyes, auburn hair, good complexion, dimples, plump, and sweet. Duckie!"

The faint snoring from the region of the bed ceased instantly.

"Well, whatcha want?" came the sleepy tones, muffled by bed clothes.

"What was the young lady's name?"

"Whatcha say?"

"What was the jane's name you took to the whirl?"

Duckie turned over and began breathing heavily again.

"Stella Mae," he mumbled.

MEN doubt the good and exaggerate the evil we say of ourselves. The wise, therefore, speak not of themselves. Though self-praise should bring gain, it is still childish and an indecent thing.—*Spalding*.

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## Board of Editors.

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—In the business world, punctuality is a primary requisite for success. Firms would as willingly lack capital in their business as punctuality in their employees. It is the substratum upon which all the Punctuality. railroads of the country are built; without it, newspapers would go to the wall within a few months; in military affairs, its absence would mean ruination of a marvellous system, and lack of it in a student begets carelessness and the development of costly habits.

Youth is the time to form habits of punctuality. Don't wait until maturity to attempt to come out of the rut; it will then be too late; your habits will have been formed, and, try as you may, you will not be able to correct them. You will over and over again be charged with the business world's unpardonable sin, the business man's worst fault, and will be forced to hear it said of you: "He can't be relied upon; he is not a man of his word; he is never punctual."

—No doubt the five-cent magazine and the fifty-nine cent novel fill a niche in the system of universal education. When a man is forced to turn from

A Thought for the the business of educating himself to the grim-  
Thoughtless. realities of life they

may constitute an effective means of holding in touch with the currents of world thought a tired brain that would revolt at more solid reading. But within the walls of a university,

where men have come primarily and even solely to educate themselves by the assimilation of sound brain food, there is no place for the fiction magazine and the "best seller."

Here thousands of books, sifted from the millions by the criticism of ages, are pleading for your friendship. Refuse them now, and you will be deprived forever of the priceless gifts they offer you. Anybody can read magazine fiction and wishy-washy novels anytime; but the thousands of books we call classics, what of them? If they are not read at the university, where will they be read? If you do not read them now, when will you read them?

—Christmas toys serve well at Christmas time. But in mid-June the hobby-horse lies dust-covered in the garret, and the paddling duck is a scrap of tin. Tinsel tar-

Trifles. nishes and rouge fades at the touch. Trifles become ashes, but the big means and ends of Truth remain.

The meaning of this idea expands as you reflect. It is not a glib phrase, but a sound teaching. Apply the idea to college education. Education is the formation of correct habits. It is the vitalizing of moral and intellectual concepts. It should be a condition of solid growth, not a pretty decoration. Men seek a college education to promote their worldly success, or to secure inward pleasure. In either case they will fail if they mistake appearances for realities. A college ought to teach men truth and purity and honor before it insists on verse-scansion; and these in the living deed—not in the sweep of rhetorical paint brushes. Nothing can be more harmful for a man than acquiring a love of trifles, and yet no other human failing is so common. High-school shallowness receives a deft veneer in college, but comes out shallowness; irreligion is taught; physiology becomes sanitary immorality; flippancy learns a degree of social practices, yet is still no more than polished flippancy; unaimed ambition is baptized in the Faith of Our Dollars; the age of ideals, like the age of chivalry, is called dead, and means are taken not to revive it. All in all, education now seems too often the emphasis of trifles and the neglect of the indispensables. The colleges are training quarters for leaders. But a leader ought not to be simply a man who has followers. He should be one whose goal is worthy. If today the country's politics

are dirty from coast to coast, if divorce and family strife are increasing, if religion is becoming a tinkling cymbal instead of the guide of life, and if graft has got to be an integral part of the science of government, then our leaders must be found quickly. Let the colleges produce them. The frippery and lace-work of education must be discarded as long as the chief garment suffers neglect. Great problems can not be settled by a race of little men. We need a college training which will develop men of power, not men whose minds are satisfied with the pursuit of trifles.

—Christ, as man, does not make His appeal through any marvelous superhuman quality or power. Most forcefully He appeals to men because of His unselfishness.

**Unselfishness.** Paganism knew nothing of such a virtue. The very gods of pagan peoples were mean and self-seeking. The repulsiveness of their attributed characters, Christ showed by His vicarious sufferings. Selfishness is essentially repugnant to the spirit of Christianity, it is the most unlovely of all human frailties, it is at the root of most of the world's misery; yet we, calling ourselves Christians, wear the badge of paganism. To be consistent with what we profess, if for no higher motive, let us throw away the badge of the self-seeker and enroll ourselves among the active altruists.

### The Appointment of Dean Keeley.

It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. James Keeley, General Manager of the *Chicago Tribune*, has accepted an invitation to serve as Dean of the Max Pam School of Journalism. Mr. Keeley retains his connection with the *Tribune* and will visit the University to direct the work of the course as often as may be necessary. He will be an occasional lecturer in the school and will arrange for lectures by prominent journalists from all over the country.

The new school of journalism is most happy in its dean. Mr. Keeley has already announced that the four honor men each year will be placed on the *Tribune* staff. A letter from the Manager of the City News Bureau of Chicago, published elsewhere in this issue, shows that the graduates of the school of journalism will have no difficulty in securing appointments.

### Father Cavanaugh Goes to Europe.

The Rev. Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, leaves today on the first part of an extended foreign trip that will take in most of the countries of Europe. Father Cavanaugh will go first to his home in Ohio, then on to Washington, D. C., where he will meet his travelling companion, Dr. James Burns, President of Holy Cross College, then to New York, and finally on board the *Franconia* bound for Rome and the Holy Father. Father Cavanaugh will be gone about three months, and in that time will visit Italy, Spain, Germany, Ireland, and probably France. Both of the reverend doctors will devote special attention to the Universities and the educational systems of these countries, for both have made scientific education their life work, and both are recognized authorities in matters educational. Father Matthew Walsh, vice-President of the University, will be the acting president in Fr. Cavanaugh's absence. Though naturally "blue" at the thought of the long absence of one so deep in our affections, we wish Father Cavanaugh God-speed, a pleasant voyage, and a safe return.

### The Commonwealth Quartette.

The concert rendered by the Commonwealth Quartette on last Tuesday evening will be long remembered. Never again will we demand recommendations of the Commonwealth people. No amount of recommendations could ever change our opinion of their merit one iota. The members of the quartette were quaintly costumed in the garb of country gentlemen of colonial times. One reminded us decidedly of Sir Roger de Coverley. But Sir Roger was a wretched performer on the "harpischord;" this, however, would not, by some, be called a difference. The rendition of the song about the "Four Chestnuts" was delightfully in character. The "Sad, Sad Tale" was so funny that even the actors wept. The bass singer sang several solos with excellent voice and proper feeling. The closing quartette number made up for much that went before. The company will be a success when it cuts off sufficient from the quantity to piece out the quality of its program, and decides, like Holmes, not to be quite as funny as it can.

## Book Reviews.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY.

This is Mgr. Benson's greatest novel, and has deservedly been placed with the finest Catholic works of fiction in the English language. The scenes, which are in the period when Elizabeth was reigning in England, give us life-like pictures of that heartless queen and of Protestants and Catholics during those years when our holy Faith was proscribed and for a priest to stay in England was considered a crime punishable with banishment or death. Among the most impressive scenes are the martyrdom of Father Campion, the Jesuit, and the racking of Fathers Maxwell and Norris, the latter dying in the arms of his sister. Another striking feature of the book is the fanaticism of apostates, who are the most relentless persecutors of their former brethren. Sometimes the same Catholic family had a son who was a priest and suffered cruelly and bravely for his faith, and another son who apostatized and became a noted persecutor of Catholics and especially of priests. The impression from reading the novel is most profound, and few persons can peruse the volume without having their feelings stirred to their depths. The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

*St. Michael's Almanac.*

We wish to congratulate the Society of the Divine Word, of Techny, Ill., on their late excellent publication, *St. Michael's Almanac*. It is a book which every Catholic household should have. Besides conforming with its duties as an almanac, it contains calendars of all feasts, fasts, and saint's days: in short, the knowledge indispensable to a Catholic household.

*St. Michael's Almanac* is published by the Society of the Divine Word, of Techny, Ill., The proceeds are entirely for missionary and educational purposes. Price, net 25 cts.

*Catholic Home Annual.*

The *Catholic Home Annual* in its thirtieth year is even better than ever. It is the old stand-by of Catholic families, serving the dual end of educating and amusing. The *Catholic Home Annual* is published annually by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, 25 cts. per copy.

## Lecture by Attorney General Hogan of Ohio.

"Good Government" was the theme of a very interesting address, delivered in Washington hall, Monday evening, December 16th, by the Honorable Timothy E. Hogan, attorney general of Ohio.

## Francis J. Heney on "Bossism."

The young San Francisco attorney who several years ago successfully prosecuted the infamous Mayor Schmidt and the notorious Abe Reuf, and thereby demolished the great vice ring of the western metropolis, spoke to the students on Dec. 17th on the selfishness and rapacity that prevails under boss rule. Mr. Heney narrated his experiences with the "system" that operated so successfully in San Francisco less than two decades ago.

## Horatio Connell.

The concert rendered by Horatio Connell, bass-baritone, in Washington hall the evening of December 18th was somewhat marred by a too-strict adherence to the old masters. Schubert, Schumann, Haydn, Handell, and Beethoven were drawn upon repeatedly. While owing a true appreciation of these illustrious composers, we are moved to remark in passing that an evening spent in their exclusive society with their genius interpreted by a single vocalist—albeit one so richly gifted as Mr. Connell—tends to grow slightly wearisome unless an occasional lighter selection vary the program.

## Irish Players.

The much-talked-of Irish Players appeared before us Friday afternoon in three short sketches. Our very favorable impression, the character of the presentation, and a brief outline of the career of the Irish Players will appear in our next issue.

## The Breen Medal Finals.

The final scene in the Breen Medal Oratorical contest was staged in Washington hall on the evening of December 16. The coveted first place was awarded to William Joseph Milroy for his excellent oration on "The Economic

Redemption." Mr. Milroy's comprehensive grasp of his subject was presented in an admirably finished manner and in a voice both powerful and pleasing. As winner of first place he will represent Notre Dame in the State Oratorical contest to be held at Indianapolis during the coming month, and also, we hope and believe, later on in the Interstate contest. Mr. Milroy was already a Breen Medalist, having won that honor in 1911, and so was ineligible to try for the medal this time.

Simon Ericile Twining was accorded second place and the Breen Medal for his able and interesting address on "The Vindication of Democracy." Mr. Twining in his oration displayed evidence of possessing the characteristics of earnest thought, sound judgment, and deep conviction. His delivery was, perhaps, a trifle less smooth and pleasing than Mr. Milroy's.

Joseph Allen Heiser, who spoke on "The Crime of the Century" was awarded third place. Mr. Heiser presented pictures of almost incredible brutality suffered by the Jews throughout the countries of the earth. The speaker showed good oratorical ability, and only a little lack of action and too great a tendency for dramatic style kept him from receiving a higher grade. John Peter Meersman, whose theme was "The Lawyer," was given fourth place. Mr. Meersman did valiantly, but he was combating with giants. Then, too, his subject, though a marked compliment to the profession he follows and loves, was not so capable of concrete and forcible presentation as were those of his opponents.

All in all, the contest this year displayed oratorical ability far in excess of the usual run of college oratory, and evidenced much painstaking preparation and diligent application on the part of the contestants. Old Alma Mater still produces the same breed of brilliant thinkers and powerful speakers that have been so great a part of her glory in the past.

### Personals.

—Fred Steers (LL. B. '11) is practising his profession with a prominent law firm in Chicago.

—Manuel Rubio, (Commercial) of Cuba, recently visited his brother, Ramon, of Sorin hall.

—M. N. Smith (Student '86-'90) is cashier of the Escanaba National Bank of Escanaba, Michigan.

—"Shorty" Zimmer, B. S. in B., '11, is engaged in analytic chemistry work in his home town, Millvale, Pennsylvania.

—C. Frank Reily, student '11-12, of Ashley, Pennsylvania, is the manager of a transfer company in his home town.

—John C. Tully (E. E. '11) of El Paso, Ill., was recently appointed auditor for the Central Electric Company of Chicago.

—Joe Goddeyne (A. B. '11) writes that he is in the railroad business, with the Detroit and Western, at Bay City, Michigan.

—The present address of James V. Cunningham (LL. B. '07) is 328 Chicago Opera House Block, 32 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

—Albert "Red" Kelly (LL. B. '11) is now in the active practice of the law, having opened offices in Kankakee, Illinois, the first of the year.

—Will Burgkart (student '10-'11) is in the sales division of the Rockwood Sprinkler Company, Chicago, and tells of much success. Keep it up, Will!

—"Bill" Moran (student '08-'11) of Baraboo, Wisconsin, is connected with the Chemical Laboratory of the United States Steel Co. at Gary, Indiana.

—"John F. Devine, Jr., Attorney at Law, 1034 First National Bank Building, Chicago," looks rather promising for our old friend "Divy." Success, and plenty of it, John.

—Jose Mendoza (Short E. E. '11) is employed in the operating department of the Automatic Telephone Company in Chicago. Jose reports good progress, and we wish him more of it.

—Alfred C. Zweck (Short E. E. '12) of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, says things are going nicely with him in his present position with the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company at South Bend.

—Mr. E. P. Carville—it's our old friend

### JUDGES

Contestants	MANUSCRIPT				DELIVERY				Total Points	Final Rank
	Fr. Quinn	Fr. Carroll	Fr. Curcio	Rank	Hon. W. P. O'Neill	Hon. R. E. Proctor	Hon. G. W. Sands	Rank		
Milroy	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1
Twining	1	2	3	2	3	4	3	3	5	2
Heiser	3	4	4	4	2	3	2	2	6	3
Meersman	4	3	2	3	4	2	4	4	7	4

"Ted" (LL. B. '09)—and Mr. Charles A. Cantwell beg leave to announce that they have associated for the practice of law at Elko, Nevada, under the firm name of Carville & Cantwell.

—We note the sad death of John Carroll, of Woodstock Illinois, which occurred on January 2d, as a result of injuries received in a railway accident. To his brother, William Carroll, of Brownson hall, we extend sincerest sympathy.

—The Columbian National Fire Insurance Company of which Prof. John G. Ewing is President, has removed to Suite 402-412, Detroit Free Press Building, Detroit, Mich. Old friends will be glad to know Mr. Ewing's permanent address.

—Mr. Victor M. Arana (E. E. '03) was recently appointed head of the Electrical Engineering College of the University of San Marcos, in Lima, Peru. Mr. Arana has acted as instructor at San Marcos for several years, and it is a pleasure to learn of his recent advancement.

—John P. McSweeney (C. E. '12) is another of those 1912 men who are making good out in the business world. "Mac" is with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, and is one of six men who were retained out of a squad of twenty-six for winter work at Biggar, Saskatchewan, Canada. Continued success, "Mac."

—Concerning the Burnham murder case that received so much of the public's attention during the holidays, it is worthy of note that two Notre Dame classmates figured conspicuously in it—Mr. John Fleming (LL. B. '00) as prosecutor for the State, and W. W. O'Brien (LL. B. '00) as counsel for the defense. Neither side was defeated—the jury disagreed. But both attorneys won laurels in that their handling of the case received wide praise both from the legal profession and from the public. Congratulations, John and "Seumus"! We like your style of work.

—Thomas C. Mapother (Law student in the early nineties) is now practicing at the bar in Louisville, Kentucky. His address is 30 Kenyon Building. He writes, "I have two prospective pupils for you, one five years of age and the other, one year." We beg to inform "Tom" that the younger one is not old enough for matriculation, but he may send on the other boy for St. Edward's hall next September.

—The announcement of the appointment of Mr. James Keeley, General Manager of the *Chicago Tribune*, to be Dean of the College of Journalism at Notre Dame has aroused considerable interest. The following letter from H. L. Saylor, Manager of the Chicago City Press Association, shows that newspaper men in general regard Notre Dame as an ideal University for a school of journalism:

THE CITY NEWS BUREAU OF CHICAGO,  
January 2, 1913.

MR. JAMES, KEELEY, Publisher,  
The Chicago Daily Tribune,  
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—We received from Notre Dame authorities today word of the organization of a school of journalism in that institution of which you are to be the Dean.

While I am writing this I would like to add that Notre Dame for some reason I never quite understood has furnished us a higher percentage of reportorial successes than any other school from which we draw applicants. I recall no absolute failure on the part of any Notre Dame man who came to us looking for work.

I met Father Cavanaugh once and called his attention to this fact. He had no theory to explain it himself unless it might be that the school's literary journal was of high grade and really literary. As I named the Notre Dame boys who had come here he recalled that each of them had been prominently connected with the college magazine. This conversation took place a year ago, and our mutual interest in the subject was so great that for a time we considered the advisability of trying an experiment in the school last spring for the purpose of bagging reportorial possibilities. Our idea was something like this:

Instead of waiting for the graduates to swoop down upon Chicago looking for jobs where they might find them, I was to go to Notre Dame or send someone in the early spring and meet the class or that part of it which was headed toward journalism. These men were to be examined and given subjects in the way of assignments which were to be the tests of the possibilities within them. We figured that two or three experiments of this kind would enable us to put aside those students who gave palpable signs of future reportorial success. What was to follow we did not decide. In my own mind, I had the idea that I could annually take on material above the average, and if we found an over supply, recommend the young men to those local editors who cared to take my own judgment into consideration.

I think you have the best body of men in the West to work on, and I desire now to make my application on behalf of the City News Bureau for one-half dozen assorted A. I. journalists, subject to inspection, f. o. b. South Bend, January 1st, July 1st and October 1st each year at twelve dollars per week with prospects of immediate increases.

Very sincerely yours.

(Signed) H. L. SAYLER.



## Calendar.

Sunday, January 12—Brownson Literary Society,  
7:30 p. m.

Monday—Senior Prep meeting, Walsh hall, 7:30 p. m.  
Meeting of Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p. m.

Tuesday—Varsity Trial Track Meet, gym. 4:00 p. m.  
Meeting of Indianapolis club, 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday—Reading of *Everywoman* by Charlemagne  
Koehler, Washington hall, 7:30 p. m.

Saturday—Northwestern College vs. Varsity in bas-  
ketball at Notre Dame—7:30 p. m.

## Local News.

—Almost every leading paper in the country is now sending a copy to the Journalists. The scribes are prospering.

Lost—A self-filling Waterman fountain pen. Finder will please return to Room 310, Walsh hall and receive reward.

—In looking over recent fine-arts productions don't overlook St. Mary's new calendar. It's a beauty—get one if you can.

—Our boys in kaiki (we won't attempt to pronounce it) have all signed up for their guns and are now ready for the Manual of Arms and calisthenic exercises.

—For sale or barter—One dozen fine New Year's resolutions, perfectly new, not much used. Owner going out of business, is willing to let them go at a sacrifice.

—Lockers have been recently constructed in the corridors of the Main Building for the convenience of the waiters. Their coats, hats, aprons, and napkins will henceforth be unmolested.

—Did you, perchance, notice the buffalo-robe gloves, the lumberman's hip-boots, and the blanket mackinaws of some of the Carroll youngsters? They're taking no chances on an early thaw. No siree!

—A meeting of the Senior Preps is scheduled for Monday night, in the Walsh hall class room. The purpose of the meeting is to elect officers and to organize the Prep basketball and track teams. Show your class spirit and be on hand Monday night at 7:30.

—Extensive improvements have been made in the equipment of the Surveying and Mathematical Departments. The basement of Science hall has undergone many changes

with the aim of securing efficiency and of introducing the best results of modern invention.

—The New Year is well upon its way. May it be a happy and successful year for all of us. Its end will find us with an enviable amount of success to our credit if each intervening day can boast of a maximum of earnest work and honest effort and a minimum of laziness and waste of time.

—Although generally known, we announce for the benefit of the new-comers that the bowling alleys in Walsh are open to all during hours of recreation and on recreation days. An Interhall bowling tournament has been arranged, and prizes are to be awarded at intervals to the champion team and the highest individual scorers.

—The Grand Military Ball, so long expected and so joyously anticipated, has been finally set for January 22nd. The number of tickets is limited, so it would be best to procure them at the earliest opportunity. They may be secured from Henry Frawley, Corby; Fred Countiss, Walsh; and J. M. Walsh, Sorin. Those under eighteen years of age need not apply.

—We never indulge in praise for its own sake nor do we run an exchange column of compliments. We are glad, however, to devote the space and to record our honest admiration when a worthy subject presents itself. We were wholly pleased with the Christmas number of *St. Mary's Chimes*. The illustrations were many and excellent, the make-up pleasing, and the matter clever and appropriate.

—Buffalo Bill's Wild and Woolly, 101 Ranch, and Jesse James' select club lost some promising material, and the Indians and buffaloes "out West" gave a gasp of relief when three half frozen and starved Carrollites crept out of a cold, dark hallway in Chicago and "fessed up" to a policeman that they had run away from Notre Dame and wanted to go back. Beating one's way on a freight train, sleeping in a wayside barn, and begging breakfast from a farmer's wife, it develops, is not so pleasant in the doing as in the reading. Perhaps the experience will prompt a change from the Dead Shot Dick type of literature to the Apostolate Library's offerings. At any rate, we urge the next ones that get the uneasy foot and feel the wanderlust symptoms to "pray that their flight be not in the winter time."

### Athletic Notes.

A curtain raiser to the schedule of college games will be provided this evening when the Varsity basketball team will be met by a squad from Company H First Regiment, I. N. G. The visitors hold the regimental championship, and have the creditable record of going through two seasons with but one defeat. Captain Feeney and his band of players have been practising steadily during the past week and promise to make things interesting for the team from Chicago.

### Varsity Track Tests.

Varsity track candidates will have an opportunity to prove their mettle next Tuesday afternoon when a trial meet will be held in the gymnasium to determine the entries in the First Regiment Meet at Chicago, Jan. 24 and 25. About twenty-five men, most of whom are strangers to Varsity work, have reported to Captain Plant, and little difficulty is expected in recruiting a team capable of making a fair showing in the meet. The number of men to make the trip to Chicago will be determined by the marks hung up in the tryout.

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James Wasson is compiling a record of the scores of football games with Notre Dame's principal opponents during the past few years. The data will be kept on file in the library and will be supplemented each year by the new scores, furnishing a series record readily accessible to those interested in the past performances of Notre Dame in football.

### Safety Valve.

Harper is not so much homesick, as sick from being home, we take it.

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We have seen the woman suffrage exhibit in the library awaiting the debaters. It is delightful reading, no doubt, but we must deny ourselves some joys.

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Moreover, if that male quartet of Tuesday evening last had spent more money on their voices and less on their wigs we'd have liked them better. High pants don't mean high notes, and just because a man sports white socks he shouldn't try *Lucia* on us.

\*\*\*

### FIRST STEPS IN LATIN.

*Id bonum est redire in tempore.—It is good to return in time.* 2. *Multi pueri remanserunt in domibus suis pro tribus diebus post novum annum.—Many*

*boys remained in their homes for three days after the New Year.* 3. *Albertus Rex est nunc cum nobis et ergo nos sumus beatissimi.—Albert King is now with us, and therefore we are most happy.*

\*\*\*

We have a pay-as-you-enter on Hill; but take it from us, Johnny, it's the same old Hill.

\*\*\*

### THE DAY WE OPENED.

There was fellows down in Texas  
Where the weather is so cule  
A-huntin' prairie chickens  
The day we opened schule.

There was fellows in Chicago  
Who was maybe playin' pule,  
Or hearin' Mary Garden,  
The day we opened schule.

There was boys from Indiany,—  
From the ole Missouri mule,—  
Who was dancin' with the ladies  
The day we opened schule.

There was boys from every city,  
At the dentists as a rule,—  
Or so the home folks telegraphed  
The day we opened schule.

\*\*\*

Students whose absence has not been reported by the Faculty will please notify the Rectors of the Various halls and receive 25 demerits.

\*\*\*

Faculty stairs to right; Students stairs to the rear; St. Joe—Certainly M. G. cash up for those lockers.

\*\*\*

No, dear, not bi-monthly examinations; Quarterly Tests is the correct phrase now. They're coming and will not differ essentially from the Bi-Es.

\*\*\*

We are still paging Mr. Prep Athletic Association who came in with such eclat last year. Is he also dead?

\*\*\*

You probably have observed that the lid is frozen tight.

\*\*\*

And Lent is powerfully early.

\*\*\*

At this writing all the post-Xmas tooth-filling crowd is back.

\*\*\*

Seems like pullin' teeth to get 'em.

\*\*\*

### SMUDGE FIRE.

Have you smoked your Christmas cigars yet?  
No, indeed, I'm saving them for mosquito time.

\*\*\*

Sol Goldberg announces a grand sale of last year's calendars for next Tuesday. The wrapping paper alone worth the price.